

O How Shall I Keep My Christmas

John Westall(1816-1890)

John Worcester(1834-1900)

"O how shall I keep my Christmas?"

My heart whispered softly to me,
For I had been reading the story
Of the Lord's nativity;
And slowly and clearly before me
The words like pictures rise,
And the scenes appear in the beauty
Of the starry Syrian skies.

O cradled He was in a manger!
For lowly and poor was He,
Whose throne is the splendors of heaven
Whose pow'r is infinity;
And He bore His cross to save us,
To save us from death and sin,
And He trod all alone the winepress
To make us pure and clean.

In glory the hosts of the angels
Came singing His song of praise,
And filling the heav'ns with their music
In those wonderful old days;
Singing "Glory to God in the highest!"
And "peace upon earth,"
And the mighty chorus of voices
Pealed forth "Good will to all."

"O how shall I keep my Christmas?"
As they keep it in heaven above;
O keep it with peace and thanksgiving,
And kindest deed of love;
And share with the poor and needy
The joys which the Lord gives thee;
And thy heart shall keep with the angels
The Lord's nativity.